For What I Am, With You

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For What I Am, With You

by Yserah

Summary

Till cleared his throat. “I called you guys because…” His fingers tightened around his cup. “I’m going to propose to Ivan.”

Silence..

In this life, their fates changed.
In this life, he said yes.
In this life, love didn’t come too late.

_
Or

IvanTill shenanigans before they finally got married, and Till cried his balls out.

_
*A Sequel of "**For What I'm Not**"*

(You may read the main story first if you’d like. I really recommend it for a better experience, and it’ll make everything make more sense.)

Chapter 1: Who're You?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Till had been dreaming again.

It was always the same place. Bleak, gentle, and endlessly quiet. A windless hill where the grass barely moved, where the skies were always pale gray, and time never dared to pass. And always, at the center of that dream, was a man.

The man stood beside a grave.

He was taller, broader in build, with silver hair that shimmered even under dull skies. He always had his back turned, as though waiting for something, or someone. His presence was heavy, nostalgic in a way that sank into Till's chest like cold water. And every time, Till would wake up just as the man reached for the headstone, never getting to see his face, never hearing his voice.

Until tonight.

This time, the man turned.

He looked familiar—not just in the sense of shared blood, but something deeper. Like staring into a mirror after years of pain and healing and knowing. The man had Till's face… or what it might look like with time. With grief. With growth. A version of himself he hadn't met yet. A version who had lived beyond something Till had not.

And the man smiled.

“Did you wait long?” he asked gently, as if speaking to someone who had been asleep far too long.

He knelt beside the grave. His hands, older and rougher, brushed over the name etched into stone that Till couldn’t bring himself to read. The wind stirred then, soft as breath, lifting strands of his silver hair.

“I’m older now,” the man said, voice quiet, almost reverent. “It’s been… five years, I guess.”

He paused, looking up at the sky like it might give him strength. His expression was fond, almost lighthearted, but too practiced to be anything but fragile.

“Things are different now. Everyone's still here—Mizi, Hyuna, Sua, Luka, Dewey, Isaac. We kept going.” His lips curled faintly. “Took a while, but… I started again. A new band. It’s still rough. I'm not there yet, but I'm moving. Slowly.”

He laughed, but it cracked halfway. “I didn’t think I’d ever be able to sing again. Not without you.”

Till watched, frozen in the dream, heart clenching as the man’s voice trembled.

“I worked so fucking hard,” the older Till murmured. “Just to feel like I deserve to be on stage again. But sometimes I wonder... what’s it like? Up there?” He looked back down at the grave, his smile gone. “Is it peaceful? Are you watching me? Are you proud?”

His hands were trembling now. His breath unsteady. His voice cracked open like an old scar.

“I didn’t know you were so scared,” he whispered. “Back then, I—"

His head bowed. Shoulders sagging beneath an invisible weight. “I’m sorry. I should’ve come sooner. It took me so long to visit. I couldn’t —” he broke off, laughing bitterly through clenched teeth, “—I couldn’t even look at your name without falling apart.”

He exhaled harshly, dragging both hands through his hair. “Everything reminds me of you. Every street. Every crowd. Every goddamn chord. I almost cursed this whole fucking country. Because no matter where I go, I feel *you*.”

Till’s throat tightened. He could feel the ache, like the dream was pulling at something deep in his soul, something he didn’t understand yet.

“I hoped,” the man continued, “in another life, you'd be there. I hoped in another life, you and I would be together. I hoped... in another life, I’d treat you better.”

He looked up suddenly, his eyes landing on Till. His gaze didn’t waver. His lips curled into a bittersweet smile that held too much sorrow to be just a dream.

“I hoped in another life... there’s still the *Ivan* that I know.”

And just like that, something shifted.

Behind him, the air shimmered.

And from it stepped a figure—barely solid, translucent and glowing with the faintest silver light.

It was Ivan.

Not just any Ivan, but the Ivan Till remembered most vividly, the version who smiled softly only for him, the one who stood too close, whose presence was always loud even in silence.

Ghost-Ivan moved forward slowly, as if stepping out of time. He wrapped his arms around the older Till's waist from behind, nuzzling into his shoulder with a smile that was light and infinite. The older Till didn't react. He didn't seem to feel it. But his body eased, like something in him had finally rested.

Till couldn't breathe. The emotion clawed at his chest like a scream held in too long.

The man in his dreams had always been him.

But now he knew. This wasn't just a dream.

It was a memory from another life—a life where he had outlived Ivan. A life where grief had grown into music. A life where the silence finally became unbearable enough to sing into.

And somehow, across timelines, through dreams, that Till had found a way to speak.

To remind him of what could still be saved.

And Till, in his own reality, finally wept.

He woke up with tear-streaked cheeks and Ivan's name caught in his throat like a prayer.

The room was dim, lit only by the soft, golden morning light leaking through the curtains. The dream still clung to him like morning dew on skin, difficult to shake off.

And yet, there was warmth on his side. A steady breath. A presence that had never left, even when the world tried to rip it away.

Ivan was there.

Curled into him like a habit, an instinct, a part of Till's very soul. His dark lashes kissed his cheeks, his mouth slack in peace, his black hair a soft, tousled mess across the pillow. His brow looked less furrowed in sleep.

He always did. He looked… softer now, gentler, like the boy Till had once watched under the large tree so many years ago—the boy who never stopped staring at him. The boy who had always stayed, even when everything else fell apart.

Tears spilled from the corners of Till's eyes silently, sliding down the edge of his nose and onto the shared pillow. He quickly brushed them away, trying not to wake Ivan. His heart felt too full, too heavy and light all at once. That dream… it was always the same.

But this time, it had spoken to him.

The older version of himself standing at a grave… saying things Till had buried inside for too long.

'Did you wait long?'

The voice echoed in his head, haunting and familiar. The pain that older Till carried was his own—the grief, the longing, the guilt, the hope for another life where things would be better.

"Good morning," a low, sleepy voice said beside him.

Till's breath hitched. Ivan had stirred. He blinked fast, wiping the final tear from his cheek before turning to him with a weak smile.

“Morning,” Till replied, voice hoarse.

Ivan blinked blearily, then lifted a hand to gently cup Till's face. His thumb brushed over his cheekbone, lingering at the edge of his eye.

“Did you have a bad dream again?”

Till paused. His throat tightened, but he shook his head with a small laugh.

“No,” he whispered. “There was just something in my eye.”

Ivan didn’t believe him, not really—but he didn’t press. Instead, he leaned in and placed a tender kiss on Till’s forehead, then rubbed their noses together in a sleepy, affectionate nuzzle.

Till closed his eyes and melted into the touch. Their bodies slotted together like puzzle pieces, like something the universe had spent lifetimes trying to fix until it finally got it right.

Ivan's arms circled around his waist, and Till’s breath caught again, not from grief, but from love. He ran his hand down Ivan’s side, feeling the warmth of him, the pulse beneath his skin. Ivan murmured softly at the touch, his voice groggy and full of quiet devotion.

“You feel like something I don’t want to wake up from,” Ivan whispered, his voice hidden in the crook of Till’s neck. **“Like warmth I didn’t think I deserved.”**

Till’s breath caught for a moment, then a smile slowly curved on his lips.

He tilted his head just slightly, fingers brushing through Ivan’s hair with deliberate gentleness.

“…You always get like this when you’re sleepy,” he murmured, voice

low and fond. “Soft and dramatic.”

Ivan let out a lazy chuckle. “Can’t help it. You make me soft.”

Till hummed. “Mm. I’ll allow it.”

He smiled, eyes misty again—but not from sadness this time. He leaned back just enough to look at Ivan’s face.

And he observed him.

Jet-black hair that caught the light like velvet. A faint snaggletooth that always showed when he grinned fully. His nose had a slight bump from a stupid fight in their youth.

His lips were soft and curved in a smile that belonged only to Till. And his eyes; deep, dark, round, like the kind of night that swallowed everything whole, tared back at Till with so much unspoken love.

This was the man he loved. Since the moment under the tree. Since the moment he flicked his forehead and Ivan looked at him like he’d been waiting for it all his life.

“Ivan,” Till whispered.

“Hm?”

“I love you.”

Ivan didn’t answer right away. Instead, he tightened his hold around Till, holding him like he never wanted to let go again.

“I know,” Ivan murmured, pressing another kiss to Till’s temple. “I’ve always known.”

They lay like that for a long while. The clock ticked somewhere faintly. Outside, birds sang to the morning sun. And inside, the two of them were whole.

Till didn't know what the dream truly meant. Maybe it was another version of him grieving for what he had lost.

But this—this moment, this Ivan—was his now.

And that was enough.

Till’s fingers had found their way into Ivan’s hair again, slowly carding through the strands like they were made of silk. Ivan’s breathing was slow, steady, warm against Till’s collarbone.

Then—Till shifted slightly. Just enough to feel it.

A pause.

Till blinked and lowered his gaze, eyes traveling down the line of Ivan’s body beneath the thin blanket. His brow furrowed faintly.

“Ivan,” he murmured, voice still hoarse from sleep. “Are you…?”

Ivan’s eyes cracked open slowly. His body stiffened, almost imperceptibly. “Ignore it,” he mumbled, cheeks darkening with heat. “It’s—it’s just a morning thing. I didn’t mean—”

But Till didn’t pull away. He didn’t laugh or tease. He just studied Ivan’s expression for a second longer, the way his lashes trembled, how vulnerable he looked despite his strong frame. Then, with slow and quiet intent, Till leaned in and brushed his nose against Ivan’s jaw.

“No need to be embarrassed,” Till whispered.

Ivan looked at him then. Really looked. And whatever shame he’d been holding onto flickered under the weight of that gaze—replaced by something warmer, softer.

“I thought you were tired,” Ivan said, the smallest edge of deflection still clinging to his words.

Till huffed a soft breath. “I was.” He trailed a hand over Ivan’s waist, fingers splaying across warm skin. “But you… you’re distracting."

Ivan swallowed, eyes fluttering shut for a second.

Then Till leaned in closer, his lips brushing just below Ivan’s ear. “Can I touch you?” he asked, voice low. “Only if you want.”

Ivan’s fingers curled in the sheets. “Yeah,” he breathed. “Yeah… please.”

And that was all the permission Till needed.

Everything that followed was unhurried. Deliberate. Till kissed Ivan like he was learning him all over again—like he had all the time in the world to memorize the softness at the corners of his mouth, the places that made him shiver, the sighs that caught in his throat when Till’s hands moved lower.

It wasn’t rushed. It wasn’t about need.

It was about being here. With him. Completely.

Till touched him slowly, reverently. With kisses trailing down his chest, his fingers drawing invisible lines into warm skin. Ivan’s hands threaded into Till’s hair, not to push or guide, but to hold. To anchor. With soft moans and warm hands.

There were whispered names. Half-laughed breaths. The brush of skin on skin and the quiet rustle of sheets.

Beneath Till's hands, Ivan couldn't stop trembling. He was being cherished instead of used, loved instead of claimed. Every touch asked for permission, and Till waited with endless patience for Ivan's answer.

Ivan arched into him, eyes glazed, mouth open in a soundless plea.

“Please…”

“I’ve got you,” Till said, voice cracking with emotion.

Till murmured reassurances with every touch. Ivan gave in with every breath.

They held on.

Their bodies moved together like a secret rhythm only they knew. And when Ivan finally came undone, back arching, fingers tangled in Till’s hair, it wasn’t just pleasure he felt.

It was *release*.

It was *being seen*.

Even though Ivan was taller, broader, stronger—Till was still the one above him. The one holding him steady. The one guiding him through every trembling breath.

After, Ivan collapsed into him, trembling. Till wiped his brow with shaking fingers, kissed his forehead, and held him close.

They lay wrapped around each other, naked in every sense.

And when it was over, breathless and spent, Till pressed his forehead to Ivan’s and whispered, “Are you okay?”

Ivan nodded, eyes shining faintly. “More than okay.”

Till smiled, fingers brushing through damp hair. “Good.”

They lay there like that, limbs tangled, hearts beating in sync.

Till pulled the blanket over them both and shifted closer, resting Ivan’s head gently against his chest. He kissed the top of his hair.

Ivan’s voice was barely above a whisper. “Thank you.”

Till tightened his hold. “You don’t have to thank me. I’m yours.”

A pause. Then Ivan, quieter still “I never thought you’d say that.”

“Then you weren’t listening,” Till murmured.

The morning light crept in through the window, golden and soft. The world outside continued on, but inside this quiet space, wrapped in each other, they stayed.

Ivan chuckled quietly, his breath warm against Till’s neck.

Till had barely hit send on the group chat when his phone began to buzz with an ungodly chorus of reactions.

[Mizi] : *OMG YES WHERE???*

[Hyuna] : *If you're paying, I'm free.*

[Luka] : *Already halfway there.*

[Sua] : *I guess I'll come to supervise the children.*

Till shook his head, grinning as he shoved his phone into his pocket and tried not to panic.

They met at their favorite café, a cozy corner spot with too many potted plants and not enough outlets. Mizi was the first to arrive, of course, wearing a pink jacket two sizes too big and carrying enough energy to power a small city. She waved so violently that the barista flinched.

Hyuna and Sua entered next, bickering in the most domestic way possible. Something about Hyuna trying to sneak a sip from Sua's cup and getting slapped with a metal straw.

Luka came last, elegant and unbothered, walking in like a runway model lost in a coffee shop. He didn't even remove his sunglasses indoors.

"Wow," Hyuna said, watching him dramatically take a seat, "your extra-ness is showing."

"I contain multitudes," Luka replied, flipping his imaginary long hair as he slid into his seat beside her. He gave her a brief, smug kiss on

the cheek. “You’re welcome.”

Till arrived moments later, looking nervous but trying to play it cool. He held his drink like it was a lifeline.

“Okay, okay—everyone’s here,” he said, sliding into the seat beside Mizi. “Uh. So.”

They all stared at him, expectantly.

He cleared his throat. “I called you guys because…” His fingers tightened around his cup. “I’m going to propose to Ivan.”

Silence.

Like, literal silence.

No gasp. No reaction. Just wide eyes and the faint sound of someone sipping an iced drink in the background.

“…Soo??” Till asked, voice growing unsure, scanning their blank expressions.

Suddenly—*SLAM!* Mizi slapped both palms on the table like she was in a drama.

“Come on! Pay up!” she chirped, spinning her phone to show a group chat filled with bet predictions. “I KNEW IT.”

Hyuna groaned like her soul had left her body. “Even Sua didn’t get it right.”

“Come on, Suuuaaa,” Mizi whined, dragging the last syllable with a pout.

Sua sighed into her drink. “I had hope, okay?”

“Why do I always lose!” Hyuna cried dramatically, slumping onto Luka’s shoulder.

“You’re just terrible at reading romantic tension, doll,” Luka said smoothly, sipping his coffee with pinky raised. “It was obviously going to be Till.”

Till blinked. “What the fuck is happening right now.”

They all froze like deer caught in headlights.

“NOTHING!!” they all yelled in unison, far too loudly and in perfect sync.

Mizi coughed into her drink. Hyuna suddenly found the ceiling fascinating. Luka adjusted his collar with practiced grace. Sua tried whistling and failed.

“…Right,” Till deadpanned. “Nothing at all.”

Mizi recovered first, immediately launched herself at Till, wrapping her arms around him with a squeal. “Congratulations, you idio—big soft marshmallow!!”

Hyuna joined in, throwing her arms around Till’s neck and ruffling his hair like an annoying older sister. “Took you long enough, dumbass.”

Sua patted his shoulder with a small, rare smile. Luka nodded approvingly and adjusted the collar of Till’s hoodie like he was preparing him for a royal ball.

“I hate y'all,” Till muttered, flustered and red to his ears. “You’re actual goblins.”

“But *we’re* your goblins,” Mizi cooed.

“Unfortunately,” Luka added.

Till sighed, but there was no real weight in it. He looked around at them—at his people—and his expression softened.

“…So,” he mumbled, cheeks burning. “I… uh.. and I actually need advice.”

Immediate chaos.

Everyone started talking over each other at once. Suggestions were

flying. Some were reasonable. Most were not.

Mizi had somehow pulled out a notebook labeled Proposal Brainstorm in glitter pen. Hyuna had her phone open to a *"Top 10 Most Unhinged Ways to Confess Your Undying Love"* article. Luka already looked halfway through designing matching suits. Sua was the only one who said, "Don't do anything with fireworks," and honestly, that felt like sound advice.

They planned. Loudly. Ridiculously. With love.

It wasn't exactly productive.

But it was perfect.

"God, I love all of you," Till groaned, scribbling into his notes.

Till was ready.

Absolutely, definitely ready.

He stood in front of the mirror, fixing the collar of his shirt for the third time, heart thumping like a bad drummer who had no sense of rhythm. The box sat on the bedside table—small, velvet, and somehow heavier than anything he'd ever carried. His fingers grazed over it before he picked it up, opened it, and peeked at the ring inside again.

It wasn’t the fancy one. Not yet.

But it was silver, simple, with a soft curve like a crescent moon—something quiet, but thoughtful. Something them.

He could already picture it:

Ivan saying yes, then Till slipping the ring on his finger. Then they'd kiss and Till would pretend he hadn’t been rehearsing this for three months and dreaming it for three years.

He grabbed his list from the table and skimmed through it—

✔ The ring. (Check.)

✔ The speech. (Okay, mostly in his head. A little shaky.)

✔ The place. (Their spot. The park bench beneath the string lights. The same place Ivan told him, "I’d rather be nowhere with you than somewhere without you." Still makes Till short-circuit every time he thinks about it.)

✔ The courage..?

He stared at that last item.

“…Working on it.”

He slipped the ring box into the inside pocket of his coat, zipped it up halfway, and stepped outside.

His phone buzzed just as he was about to walk to the meet-up point.

[Dummy] : *sorry, I'll be there in a minute till. it's traffic.*

Till exhaled and chuckled weakly. "Okay. Deep breaths… Let's wait."

He found himself pacing the sidewalk, tapping his fingers against his thighs.

A part of him was screaming: *What if he says no? What if he laughs? What if you drop the ring down a drain like in the movies?*

But the other louder part was steady. *He won't. He loves you. He's always loved you,* in that Ivan way of his—quiet, stupid, overwhelming.

Till smiled at that thought.

He took a deep breath and stared hard at his reflection, trying to find something reassuring in his own eyes.

So he waited.

And then waited some more.

The minutes stretched. His phone clock ticked louder than necessary. He fiddled with the ring box in his coat pocket so much, he worried the hinge would break.

When Ivan finally appeared at the street corner, wind-tousled hair, shirt clinging to his chest from sweat, and face lit with a crooked grin,

Till felt both relief and a brand-new wave of nerves.

“Did you kissed a tornado?” Till said, trying to keep his voice even, casual, not totally freaking out.

Ivan grinned as he leaned in, pressing a hand to his chest. “Romantic, isn’t it? I ran three blocks. Your texts were getting kinda anxious.”

“They were not.”

“They were all just: dot dot dot, and okay, and then one that said ‘nvm’ but with a crying emoji.”

“…Shut up.”

Ivan laughed and gently bumped their shoulders together. “You look good, though.”

Till wanted to say you too. But the words sat behind his teeth, tangled in nerves.

They walked together toward the place. Or—tried to.

Because fate, apparently, had a different script.

The restaurant was closed. The one he'd planned for weeks, with its perfect sunset view, quiet ambiance, and stupidly expensive cake.

Not just closed. Boarded up. [Under Maintenance] the sign read, cheerfully taunting him.

Till's stomach dropped. He blinked at the sign like it might change if he stared hard enough.

"…Huh," Ivan said, tilting his head. "Didn't you book this place?"

"I did. I called them three days ago. They said nothing about maintenance!"

"Well… surprise ambiance?"

Till was about to laugh, or scream, or cry—he wasn't sure which—when the sky cracked open like an afterthought.

Rain poured down. Out of nowhere. Not gentle. Biblical.

They ran for cover, shoes slapping on pavement, Till clutching his coat tight to protect the ring box in his pocket.

Then, as if that wasn't enough, a little kid—no older than six—lurched beside them, looked a little too green, and promptly threw up near the exact spot Till had planned to kneel.

"Fuck," Till muttered, frozen.

Ivan was halfway laughing, half grimacing. “This is… wow. A series of unfortunate events.”

It didn’t end there.

A motorcycle zoomed past just as they reached the crosswalk, flinging a wave of grimy water directly at Ivan’s pants.

“AGH—!” Ivan yelped, jumping back too late. “I think I just got a disease.”

And to top it off, while Till was fumbling in his pocket to check on the ring box, it slipped—right into the hands of a passing mall guard who mistook it for a lost wallet.

“Excuse me, hey that’s mine—no, really—don’t open it—OH SHIT DON’T OPEN IT—”

After apologizing profusely to the confused guard and retrieving the now-damp ring box, they gave up and took shelter under the awning of a nearby convenience store. Not even a real awning, more like the edge of a signboard that dripped at intervals.

Ivan bought a pack of crackers. Till got a single napkin and was trying, in vain, to dry his soaked sleeves.

“…You know,” Ivan said, cracking open the pack, “this is kinda like our first date.”

Till gave a soft laugh, leaning against his shoulder. “You mean a disaster?”

“A complete mess,” Ivan replied cheerfully. “But you still kissed me at the end.”

“Bold of me,” Till muttered, cheeks turning pink. “I was soaked, you were cranky, and we both forgot our wallets.”

“And you told me I smelled awful.”

“I stand by that.”

Their laughter came easily now. Soft, open, unfiltered.

The kind of laughter that bloomed in the ashes of everything going wrong, and still felt like everything was right.

The kind only shared by people who knew each other's worst days and stayed anyway.

The rain softened to a drizzle.

Cars passed, headlights shimmering on wet pavement.

A dog barked in the distance. Some teen ran past with a wet paper bag. The world moved on around them, but Till was still, wholly focused on the man beside him.

Ivan was chewing a cracker like it was the best thing he’d ever eaten.

Till glanced down at his coat pocket. The ring box sat there—quiet.

Waiting. Like a second heartbeat.

He didn’t reach for it.

Not yet.

The moment wasn’t perfect. The sky had betrayed him. The setting was laughable. His speech was soggy in his other pocket, the ink probably smudged beyond recognition. His courage had jumped ship back at the restaurant doors.

But they were here.

Laughing. Alive. Together.

And despite the failed plans, the soaked socks, and the half-crushed crackers—they were still smiling.

Till leaned against Ivan and closed his eyes.

That was enough.

For now.

But soon…

Soon.

Soon???

The rain had slowed to a mist, like the sky was finally tired of making things difficult.

A soft wind stirred the puddles near their feet. The city felt quieter, like it, too, was holding its breath.

Till was about to speak. He had braced himself. He was going to say something like, *“Hey, Ivan? I wanted to ask you something…”* Something casual. Calm.

But then he looked up—and Ivan was already looking at him.

And he wasn’t smiling like usual.

He was serious. Not cold, not distant—just quiet. Focused. His dark eyes, usually so playful, were wide and clear and almost too full.

It made Till sweat. Actually sweat, even though he was soaked head to toe.

“…Ivan?” Till asked, cautious.

Ivan gave a breathy laugh and coughed softly into his fist, like he was collecting his words. Then, he turned to face Till fully, and said in a low, careful voice.

“I’ve always wondered how people just know.” He swallowed. “Like, how do you know when you’ve met the person? When it’s the right time? When you should say the words?”

Till blinked.

Ivan continued, voice steady but touched with something aching.

“I used to think I’d figure it out one day. After years. Maybe when we’re older. Maybe after we’ve fought a hundred times, made up a hundred more, figured life out a little better.”

A pause.

“But then you laughed at me in that god-awful green shirt. I thought, ‘Oh. It’s him.’ Just like that.”

Till’s mouth opened slightly. Words failed him.

Ivan’s eyes searched his. Gentle. A little scared. But shining.

“I’ve loved you through every version of us. The childhood fights. The awkward years. The coffee dates. The silence. The noise. The everything,” he said, softer now. “And even on days when I hated myself, I never stopped loving you.”

He took something from his coat.

A small, emerald green—velvet ring box.

And he knelt.

Not gracefully. Not like the movies. He nearly slipped on the wet pavement, muttered “shit” under his breath, then laughed. But it didn’t ruin it. If anything, it made it more real.

Rain dripped from his bangs, but he didn’t seem to notice. He looked up, soaked and kneeling and still the most beautiful thing Till had ever seen.

“Till,” he said—his voice just barely trembling. No one else would notice.

But Till did.

Of course he did. After all these years, he heard it all. Every crack. Every buried fear.

“Will you marry me?”

The world stopped.

Till’s heart seized.

His fingers twitched.

He couldn’t breathe.

That was his line.

He was supposed to say that.

He had the ring. He had the plan. The checklist. The whole damn script.

And now Ivan had beaten him to it. Completely blindsided him with the most beautiful words Till had ever heard.

He laughed—too sharply. His hand flew to his coat pocket—

The ring.

He needed to show Ivan. That he was ready too. That he had planned this. That he wanted this just as much.

He reached—

It wasn't there.

He patted again.

Nothing.

Coat pocket. Side pocket. Back pocket. Nothing.

His heart dropped.

His eyes darted around in panic.

SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

Ivan was still kneeling. Still waiting. Hope and love and confusion flickering across his face.

Till stood up suddenly. His breath hitched.

Ivan blinked. “Wait—Till?”

“Are you for real right now?!” Till blurted.

Ivan flinched. Just slightly.

“… Excuse me?”

But Till was already moving.

He stumbled into the rain, boots slapping against pavement, eyes wide and wild, heart in his throat. His hands were still searching. His coat was open. His mind was screaming.

It has to be here, it has to be here, I was going to ask, he needs to know—

Behind him, Ivan stood up slowly, his soaked figure turning toward Till’s retreating form. He looked stunned.

“H-Hey—wait—Till? Where are you going?!”

Till didn’t look back.

Ivan took a step forward, horrified, still holding the ring, his mouth parted like he wanted to take back every word—as if he did something wrong.

“Till?! Please—what did I do?”

But Till was already running.

And somewhere behind him, Ivan—hurt, confused, heart clenched in his chest, began to run too.

Till darted past the benches, through the plaza, nearly knocking over a parked bike. His heart pounded wildly against his ribs, not from the sprint, but from pure panic.

Where is it? Where is it? Where is it? His mind replayed the moment over and over again—the soft velvet box, the sparkle inside it, the weight of the future he wanted with Ivan—and now it was gone.

Ivan was calling out behind him, chasing him across the path, voice tight and confused. “Till!”

But Till didn’t stop.

He didn’t realize that Ivan had followed. That Ivan looked hurt.

Really, truly hurt.

He didn’t notice that Ivan, the man he loved, was standing there now, heart in his hands, thinking he'd just been rejected.

He reached the trash bins near the corner of the park, his hands trembling as he dug through the nearby bench, under bags, behind wrappers. A sharp sting of shame coiled in his chest. He must’ve thrown it away. The ring. The damn ring. He must’ve confused the bag with the trash earlier when they were cleaning up.

And then—there.

Nestled beside an empty plastic cup, was the box.

Till let out a shaky laugh, his eyes wide, almost disbelieving. “You little shit,” he whispered to the ring, pulling it out like it was gold lost at sea.

He turned, triumphant, beaming—

And his smile dropped the second he saw Ivan.

Ivan had caught up. He was standing a few feet away, drenched, chest rising and falling hard from running.

His brows furrowed in visible pain. His tall figure was stiff.

His soaked hair clung to his forehead, and his eyes—those warm, dark eyes, looked terribly wrecked.

Like he'd just been kicked in the heart.

"Did…" Ivan's voice broke. "Did you not like the proposal?"

Till's heart dropped.

Ivan stepped closer, trying to laugh it off, but it sounded too thin. "I mean… I—I can do better, if that's what you want. I just—" His hands lifted then dropped uselessly to his sides. "I'm sorry. I just thought—"

And that's when Till realized.

Ivan thought he ran away.

That he rejected him.

"Oh my god." Till rushed to him and cupped his face with both hands. "No, no, no, Ivan—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to run like that, I just—" He held up the box between them, breathless. "I lost it. I almost lost the ring."

Ivan stared at the ring like it had personally betrayed him. For a second, his lips curled as if he were about to cry—but then he let out a loud, almost hysterical laugh.

"This is so stupid," Ivan muttered, running a hand through his hair.

“I know,” Till nodded, too quickly. “I’m stupid.”

“You’re *so* stupid.”

“I know!”

There was a moment of silence, and then—

“Can I propose to you again?” Ivan asked softly.

“Wait—me or you?” Till blinked.

“You.” Ivan grinned. “No—me.” He laughed again, cheeks flushed. “Let me do it again.”

Till, breathless and pink from the run and the chaos and the sheer stupid of it all, nodded. “Okay. Do it again.”

Ivan stepped back half a pace, heart pounding louder than his own footsteps ever had.

He looked down at the slightly crumpled ring box in Till’s hands, then back up—but still not meeting Till’s eyes. Not yet.

His own eyes shimmered, glassy and red-rimmed, like he was balancing the weight of everything he’s ever wanted and was terrified to ask for.

He let out a quiet breath. A weak laugh. Then steadied himself, voice softer now, but grounded—like it came from the deepest part of his chest.

“Till…” he began, his voice just a little rough. “I’ve loved you since before I even knew what that meant. Before I knew how to carry it. Before I knew what to call it.”

“I used to wonder what it meant to love someone the right way,” voice barely louder than a whisper. “Like… what if I ruined it? What if I was too loud? Too selfish? What if all I ever did was want you, when what you needed was peace?”

“But then I realized, loving you has always been the quietest thing about me. It didn’t shout. It didn’t ask for anything back. It just… stayed.”

His voice shook as he continued, eyes still low.

“I loved you when I didn’t understand you. When you pushed me away. When you didn’t know I was watching, or caring, or remembering the exact way your voice cracked when you sang under your breath.”

His thumb brushed over the edge of the ring box.

He swallowed, gaze hovering somewhere around Till’s shoulder. His lips curled into a soft, crooked smile. “I’ve loved you in every way I knew. In your worst moods and your most beautiful mornings. I’ve loved you through every version of you I’ve met—and I know I’ll love every version that hasn’t even arrived yet.”

“I loved you when it made no sense, when it hurt, when it was just me left standing in the wreckage of my own hope. And even then, I wanted no one else but you. And I still don’t.”

Ivan smiled, crooked and tearful. “And if you let me, I want to spend the rest of my life learning how to love you better. In ways I haven’t discovered yet. In mornings we haven’t lived through. In quiet nights and storms we haven’t seen. I want to grow old with you. Laugh with you. Fight and make up and fight again. I want to hold your hand until we’re wrinkled and ridiculous. I want all of it.”

“I’ve written a thousand versions of this in my head. None of them were enough. Because I could talk about the way your laugh ruins me, or how I memorized the shape of your hands without meaning to. I could list every time you made me feel like the world made sense again.”

A pause. A breath.

“But nothing compares to the fact that you’re here. Right now. Still choosing me.”

And then—slowly, finally—he lifted his gaze.

Eyes glassy. Smile trembling.

“Will you marry me, Till?”

It hung in the air like a fragile string of hope. And only after saying it,

Ivan finally look up.

And that’s when he saw him.

Till, who had been standing stiff as a statue just seconds ago, was now crumbling faster than a soggy cookie.

Tears poured down his face like his eyes were trying to evacuate. His nose was bright red and leaking, his carefully done eyeliner now smudged into tragic little wings of betrayal under his eyes. His hair, still damp from the rain, clung to his forehead like sad noodles.

And he was sobbing. This was raw, hiccupy, soul-snatching crying, the kind with uneven gasps, nose sniffles loud enough to scare a cat, and the occasional snort he didn't even try to hide.

It sounded like a vacuum having a breakdown. His breath stuttered like an old car engine, and his face scrunched up into something so mangled it could’ve scared a mirror.

"Ueghh—hhhk—snrrf—nghh—hhuuee—hkk—snnnff—uaah—hiekk—snrrrk—"

He looked like a mess. Like a raccoon who’d just been dumped in the rain and then told love was real.

Ivan was fighting for his life not to laugh.

His lips kept twitching, teeth biting down on the inside of his cheek,

and his ears were already going red. Because damn it, this was the love of his life—this beautiful, ridiculous wet rat of a man, sobbing like the sky owed him something.

“Till…?”

Till gasped like he couldn't get enough air. His voice cracked in a hundred places as he stammered, “Of course it’s a **yes**, you dumbass—what else could it be?!”

Ivan’s lips parted, and for a moment, he didn’t know whether to reach out and wipe the snot or just pull Till into a hug or start sobbing with him.

Instead, what escaped was a small, helpless laugh, a single tear finally trailing from his own eye. He didn’t even realize it until he tasted the salt on the edge of his smile.

“Oh my god,” Ivan muttered with a disbelieving grin, brushing at his eyes quickly. “This is the strangest proposal ever.”

Till let out a loud, snot-filled laugh, snorting mid-cry. “You think I planned for this?! This is all your fault, idiot—why are you so romantic today?!"

“Romantic?” Ivan raised a brow and held up the still-open ring box. “You haven't even let me put this on you yet.”

“Oh—oh yeah!” Till snapped his fingers, still crying, but now grinning through the tears. He thrust his hand out, fingers splayed, nails chipped from nervous picking. “What the hell are you waiting for,

huh? Put the damn ring on me!”

Ivan let out another breathless laugh, but his fingers were careful. So careful. He picked up the ring and held Till’s hand like it was something holy. His thumb brushed over the back of his knuckles, pausing for just a second, almost like he was trying to memorize the feel of it.

And then, slowly, shakily, he slipped the ring on.

It fit perfectly.

Till stared at it for a second — the ring glittering even with his tear-filled eyes. “Oh my god,” he whispered. “That looks so—fuck, it looks so good."

“You’re so beautiful” Ivan murmured fondly.

“Shut up," Till'svoice still watery. “And I’m not done yet.”

He suddenly fumbled with the front pocket of his coat, one that was absolutely soaked through now—and pulled out a folded, nearly destroyed piece of paper. His hands shook as he tried to unfold it, the ink already beginning to blur from the dampness.

Ivan blinked in confusion. “What’s that?”

Till cleared his throat and sniffled. “My turn.

“…Your turn?”

“Duh! I was gonna propose too, asshole! That was the whole point of today!” Till groaned and waved the paper at him. “I wrote my speech and everything and then you went first and now I look like a dramatic wet sponge—”

Ivan stared at him in complete disbelief. “Okay—okay, you better make me cry."

“Shut up and let me read!” Till said, wiping his nose on his sleeve unceremoniously. He took a deep breath, lifted the crumpled paper to his face, and began in the shakiest, most trembling voice Ivan had ever heard—

“Ivan. You’re kind of a pain in the ass. Y-you steal my food. You hog the blankets. You snore when you sleep even though you deny it—don’t argue with me. But despite all that... you make my world better in every possible way.”

He paused, sniffled again, his eyes scanning the smeared lines desperately.

“You annoy me. You tease me. You look too good in tight shirts, and you act like you don’t know it. You talk in your sleep. And you always look at me like I’m something worth holding on to. Even when I don’t deserve it.”

His voice broke again.

“I used to think that love would look like a perfect fairytale. But then

you came in and ruined it. You made it messy. Loud. Annoying. And real. So real it scared me. But now, I can't imagine life without you being this close."

Till's hands were shaking again, so he lowered the paper, blinking at him through the tears.

"I had.. I had a ring for you, too," he whispered, patting his jeans pocket and pulling out a small silver band—simpler than Ivan's, but elegant, clean, and worn from how many times he'd touched it over the last few weeks.

"I want to put it on you. So—will you let me?"

Ivan didn't even hesitate this time.

He held out his hand, eyes shining. **"More than anything."**

And this time, it was Till's fingers that trembled as he slid the ring onto Ivan's hand, like sealing a promise he'd been carrying for far too long.

"God," Till muttered, voice cracking at the edges. "You're shaking too."

"You're contagious," Ivan teased, his voice hoarse and barely holding together.

Till laughed through the remnants of a sob—and before either of them could say another word, Ivan stepped forward and lifted him clean off the ground, arms locking tight around his waist. Rain clung to their

clothes, their skin, their hair—but neither of them cared. Not in this moment.

Ivan kissed him.

Softly, like something sacred. Like he'd waited a lifetime.

Their mouths met in the middle of laughter and tears, the kiss tasting like rain and salt and everything they never got to say until now.

It was tender, steady, like Ivan was trying to memorize the feel of Till's mouth, the curve of his smile between it. Like he was saying I love you without the words, because the words had never been enough.

When they pulled apart, just enough to breathe—Till stared at him, eyes wide and wet.

"You're seriously crying?" Till sniffled, a grin tugging at the corner of his mouth. "I made the all-mighty Ivan cry."

Ivan's ears flushed red instantly. He tried to scowl, but his voice came out hoarse and cracking, "Don't say that."

They looked at each other, and something in them cracked open, spilled light.

The kind of light that only comes after years of waiting, of loving, of almost and never-quites finally turning into yes.

And then they laughed—shaky and breathless and unbelieving.

They held each other tighter.

And they spun.

Messy, soaked, still crying—but so, so happy.

Still wrapped in one another, they swayed clumsily in a circle, arms tangled, feet half-slipping on the wet pavement, giggling like idiots. Ivan's grip around Till's waist never loosened, and Till's hands gripped the back of his soaked collar like he never wanted to be let down.

They hugged like it was all too much.

They spun like it wasn't enough.

No fireworks. No crowd.

Just rain.

Just them.

A soaked mess of kisses, rings, laughter, and love.

And the two dumbest, happiest fiancés in the world.

There's a loudness in the church—

A pink-haired girl clutched a balled-up tissue like it had personally wronged her. Her cheeks were blotchy, and she was already halfway through her fourth meltdown.

Hyuna leaned sideways, voice low but amused. “The wedding hasn’t even started yet.”

Mizi sniffled, and then cracked into a hoarse giggle, wiping under her eyes. “I can’t believe they’re actually getting married.”

“Where’s Sua?” Luka asked, always composed, voice silky.

“In the bathr—” Mizi began, but the door creaked open and Sua slipped into the pew beside her with a soft thud. Her eyes were barely visible between the swelling and the tears.

“Oh my God,” Hyuna laughed, clapping a hand over her mouth. “You can’t see her eyes anymore.”

And then—

“The groom is here.”

Till stood at the altar like he wasn’t entirely sure how he got there.

His silver hair was slicked back—not the fluffy, soft halo everyone was used to, but styled in smooth, elegant waves that glinted beneath the warm candlelight. The sleek look made his cheekbones more pronounced, his features sharper.

His suit was a deep velvet green, dark enough it looked black until the light hit it, revealing rich undertones of moss and pine. The embroidery on the lapels shimmered faintly.

Gold thread curled into vine-like patterns across the fabric, matching the floral design on the invitations. A small golden moth pin rested beneath his collarbone. His shoes were polished and his shoulders squared, but his hands shook at his sides.

He was a vision of quiet panic and accidental regality.

Io, his mother, was already crying.

She pulled Till into a tight hug the second he reached the altar, hands cupping his cheeks, thumbs brushing just beneath his eyes like she'd been doing it since he was three.

"My baby boy," she whispered, her voice breaking. "My dream came true. You get to love him for the rest of your life."

Till's breath hitched. His mouth trembled like he might cry, but he didn't. He just nodded, eyes wide, locked on the doors at the end of the aisle.

Waiting.

The cathedral had been transformed into a dark garden dream.

Walls were laced with trailing vines and black-gold floral installations that seemed to grow out from the stone itself. Ivy spilled from hanging arrangements, entwined with golden branches and pale, cream-white blossoms.

Candles flickered from wrought-iron holders, casting slow-moving shadows across the pews. The light was low, golden, moody—like dusk frozen in time.

Every detail mirrored the wedding invitations—

Deep green, black, and gold.

Botanical prints. Wax seals. Velvet ribbon. Gilded lettering.

Refined, secretive, and soft.

It felt less like a wedding and more like a sacred ritual deep in some enchanted forest.

Till stood right in the middle of it all, looking like he might bolt or cry or both, but only because he knew exactly who was walking down the aisle toward him.

"The bride is here."

A hush fell across the room like a reverent breath held in unison.

Then, with a soft groan of ancient wood, the grand doors slowly began to open, just enough for golden light to spill into the aisle. Shadows shifted. The air changed.

Everyone turned. Luka lifted his bow, his graceful fingers resting like poetry on strings, and began to play.

Luka's his elegant fingers dancing gracefully over the strings of his violin. The melody was gentle, achingly soft, yet full of quiet anticipation. It lilted like a whisper through the tall arches and stained glass, as though cradling the moment in reverence.

There he was.

Ivan.

He walked down the aisle with a steady, poised grace, tall and straight, fingers resting lightly on his father's arm in an equally dignified suit. But no one could take their eyes off Ivan.

The soft sway of his black veil, long and delicate, flowing like the final act of a symphony, traced the ground behind him with each step. His tailored suit was not just elegant. It was regal. Deep, inky black with embroidered silver thread swirling subtly across the lapels and cuffs.

The jacket tapered to his waist and flowed into a back panel reminiscent of a royal cloak, shifting with his every movement. He looked like something out of a dream, something too powerful and too beautiful to belong to one world.

The crimson roses in his hand were the only contrast, vivid and bold in his pale grasp, the crimson petals trembling slightly as if shy to be held by him.

And beneath the sheer black veil, his expression was soft, vulnerable

in the way only Ivan could be, intensely quiet, his lips a straight line, but his dark, endless eyes flickering like stars barely hidden behind midnight clouds.

His breathing was steady, but his hands... they trembled.

The lights reflected off the sheer fabric of his veil, catching the shimmer in his dark hair. Jet black, neatly combed, but soft at the edges, curling faintly at his neck. A few loose strands fell near his temples, and behind the veil, his lashes cast gentle shadows on his cheeks.

Till didn't realize he was holding his breath.

Ivan's eyes swept over the room, soft, heavy-lidded, and glinting faintly with unshed tears. His face was stoic, but not cold. Calm but not emotionless. There was something inside him barely being held back.

The way his mouth quirked upward for half a second when he spotted someone familiar. The way his fingers gripped the bouquet just a little tighter when he spotted him.

Till.

And Till—he was wrecked.

His heart leapt to his throat the moment Ivan stepped in, and it hadn't left since. He clutched the edge of his coat like it would keep him from falling apart.

Ivan looked like something holy, something meant for altars and dreams, not someone you could just hold in your arms. Not someone who would choose you.

Till felt tears sting his eyes. His vision blurred. And still, Ivan came closer.

Each step Ivan took was deliberate and graceful, almost weightless. He didn't walk like someone nervous. He walked like someone sure. Every move carried elegance without pretense. Power without arrogance. A silent storm with a smile tucked beneath the veil.

Unsha whispered something to Ivan, and Ivan nodded quietly. They stopped a few paces away from Till.

And then slowly, with all the gentleness in the world, Unsha placed Ivan's hand over Till's.

There was weight in that touch. A lifetime. A choice.

Unsha gave Till a small, knowing smile before stepping back. The kind that said: *Take care of him.*

The music slowed to a breath.

Ivan's eyes never left Till's.

Till had to bite the inside of his cheek to stop himself from crying too early. He failed, of course. His eyes were already glistening.

When Ivan reached him, he stopped, and for a moment, they just stood there—silent, breathless.

Then, softly, Till whispered, trying to smile through the overwhelming emotion swelling in his throat.

"I knew you'd be beautiful in the veil..."

Ivan, standing before him now, looked down at Till. His fingers held tight to the roses, the veil brushing softly against his cheeks.

“I was nervous you'd laugh,” Ivan admitted, voice quiet, almost fragile —carrying the weight of a thousand unsaid things.

Till took his hand without hesitation, threading their fingers together, and shook his head. “I'd die before I ever dared.”

A smile crept onto Ivan's lips then—not wide, not bright, but warm and trembling with emotion. He closed his eyes for a second, and when he opened them, he was gazing at Till like he was everything he ever wanted. Like he had finally, finally arrived.

The way he looked at Till said it all—

"I wore this for you."

And in that moment, under the arch, beneath the music, and with no one else in the world between the—

The priest at the center cleared his throat, trying to look composed despite the unusual buzz of anticipation.

His voice echoed gently through the garden, “Are you ready?”

All heads turned. The audience blinked in mild disbelief.

It was Dewey.

There was a loud snort from somewhere in the crowd—Hyuna couldn’t hold it in and burst out laughing. Sua, next to her, hurriedly hushed her, though her lips trembled as she fought her own smile.

Dewey, with his freshly styled hair swept back and a serious robe that didn’t quite match his usual chaotic energy, raised one brow with mock solemnity.

No one had expected him to be the officiant.

The laughter trickled out like sunlight breaking through leaves, scattered and warm. Even the bride and groom giggled under their breath. Dewey sighed dramatically, then coughed into his fist like a true priest trying to command the room. “Alright, alright. Let’s calm down. I’m holy today.”

The crowd fell into a hush, a soft breeze swaying through the flower petals suspended on delicate strings. Everything shimmered.

Dewey opened the vow segment. “Now,” he said, adjusting the book before him with a little wink at the couple, “say your vows.”

The rest blurred gently, a dream stitched with soft laughter and quiet gasps. Mizi wiped her eyes openly. Luka leaned forward in his seat. Even Sua was still, visibly swallowing emotion.

And then—finally.

The priest turned to Till first. “Do you, Till, take Ivan… in all his brilliance, sharpness, softness… for eternity?”

Till looked at Ivan, not just the man in the veil, but the boy he once fought with, the young man he once denied feelings for, the soul he always, always came back to. His voice didn’t shake.

“I do,” he whispered.

Then Dewey looked at Ivan. “And do you, Ivan, take Till—with all his chaos, quiet tenderness, his bruises and light—for eternity?”

Ivan’s dark eyes shimmered. There was something unwavering in his tone. “Yes,” he said. “For eternity, and every time after.”

A breath of stillness.

Then Dewey smiled. “Then now… you may kiss the bride.”

Till was trembling.

He stood frozen, gazing at the figure before him. Ivan had chosen this —flowing, subtly structured to fall on his taller frame with regal ease. He was stronger. Bigger. He could’ve stood in any role, yet he chose this. Chose to wear it. Chose to show the world what he felt, not just for Till, but for himself.

Hands slightly unsteady, Till reached forward and gently lifted the veil.

Ivan’s face appeared beneath it like a miracle. His usual polish was stripped back to something raw. His cheeks were pink. His lashes slightly wet. His black eyes held a tint of red, as though he’d been blinking back something for too long.

Till cupped his face carefully, reverently. And in the small silence between heartbeats, Till could only think—

You were never less than beautiful.

Ivan’s breath hitched.

But before Till could close the space between them—

Ivan surged forward and kissed him first. It wasn't gentle, it wasn't rehearsed. It was every moment they had lost, every second they had waited for, pouring into one another. Ivan lowered his head slightly, gripping Till's suit like he was anchoring himself in this reality.

Their lips moved against each other like no one else was there.

And then—

The crowd erupted.

Cheers. Cries. Mizi screaming with glee. Hyunwoo sobbing, punching Luka in the arm. Hyuna making some dramatic noise, Sua shushing her again while she clapped furiously. Io wiping her eyes with her handkerchier, her face beaming.

Till and Ivan didn't hear them.

They stood there, forehead against forehead, breath tangled.

They kissed again, softer this time.

And the world, for once, felt still.

*'**Would I change things?***

Maybe not everything. Some pain is necessary. Some heartbreaks teach us love. But I think I'd wish to go back, not to erase what happened, but to hold tighter. To speak the words we never dared to say. To stay a little longer. To be softer. Kinder. Braver.

And maybe, just maybe, to not look away when someone smiles through their sadness.

What about you?

Would you change it… or would you live it all over again—tears, laughter, and all?'

In this lifetime, our fate changed.

In this lifetime, we weren't too late.

We didn't flinch when the light touched our scars.

We learned to stay.

We learned to choose each other again.

Even when it hurt.

In this lifetime, I watched you smile and it wasn't a lie.

In this lifetime, I didn't just dream of you. I lived with you.

We lived.

We loved.

And this time… we made it to the end. Together.

Chapter End Notes

Um... *dramatically coughs*. A-are you happy? I hope so. I—I truly, truly pray that you are happy with how everything turned out.

They're married! Yay!💍🏻🙇‍♂️🏻👹👹👹

Writing the wedding scene while listening to "Wiege" was one of my best decision everr.

I honestly don’t know what else to say at the end. I’m always grateful, always thankful, for every second you spent reading this.

Before writing this, I wondered: How could I ever write a sequel to that story? I didn’t know where to begin. How could I make them happier?

Then I remembered that there was a scene I forgot. Or maybe skipped. A part where Till should visit Ivan's grave. But I didn’t write it. I left it out.

And I thought… what if I made this sequel instead?

So here we are.
I really hope you like it.

Thank youuuu! I love you all so much ʕ ᵔ ᴥ ᵔ ʔ
You’ll see me again in my latest works—especially the breakup AU. I’ll see you there!

MUAHH MUAHH MUAHH. LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINKK.

Chapter 2: Bouquet of Flowers

Chapter Summary

> A lil bonus scene, ehehehe. I was supposed to end this one already… but I kind of want to explore Luka's shenanigans a bit more. You know, the diva himself.
>
> I just have to add it, just a little more fluff and chaos.
>
> HYUNA RUN!! 🦭🦭

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The wedding air was sweet with laughter and the scent of flowers—and Ivan, still in his suit but sleeves now slightly rolled up, stood with the final bouquet in hand.

Ivan raised the bouquet high and looked around teasingly. His gaze locked with Sua, who stood poised and unreadable, her sharp eyes glinting.

A silent dialogue passed between them.

Sua's eyebrow twitched.
Ivan smirked.
"Give.It.To.Me."

"You got it."

Beside her, Mizi beamed, both hands clasped together near her chest, like she knew exactly what was coming.

Ivan exhaled. He spun once—dramatically—and launched the bouquet with a perfect flick of his wrist.

It soared through the air like a comet trailing petals.

Then—

Someone caught it.

Gracefully. With a dramatic pause.

Gasps erupted.

"LUKA?!" Mizi shrieked.

There he stood, one leg bent, bouquet in hand, wearing shimmering stiletto heels?!! Heels that none of them had seen him arrive with.

He's.. *Twinkling..*

“Where the hell did those come from?!” someone gasped.

Luka lashes fluttering like the damn boquet itself. “What? I got it fair and square,” he purred.

“That bouquet was for Sua!” Mizi stomped one heel in protest.

“But I caught it,” Luka said, tilting his head and. “Gravity loves me.”

Mizi stomped her foot in protest, cheeks puffed.

Sua just sighed, utterly resigned. “Of course.. why am I not surprised?”

Suddenly—

“PSFFT!” A loud spit-take broke the moment.

Everyone turned.

Hyuna stood there, wide-eyed, wine glass half-empty, face fully red.

Luka turned slowly. “Hyunaaaaaaa?” he sang, grinning like a fool. Face glowing with theatrical delight.

Hyuna’s eyes widened. “Nope. Gotta go—!!”

She bolted.

And Luka gave chase with full drama, bouquet in hand like a magic wand.

“Why are you running?” Luka called out, heels clicking like a metronome of doom.

“Don’t come near me!!” Hyuna shrieked.

Hyunwoo, ever the responsible brother, stepped in. “Stop harassing my sister!”

STOMP. Luka jabbed his heel onto Hyunwoo's foot.

"OW—FUC! Why the hell are you even in heels?!"

"Because I can," Luka purred, flipping imaginary hair and chasing after Hyuna again.

"HYUNAAAAAA!"

Isaac grabbed Hyunwoo's shoulder, "you okay, man?"

Hyunwoo winced and looked down at his feet. "I think my toes are bleeding."

Isaac snorted. "I'm more surprised you're even here. You're not even in the main story."

"Hey! This timeline's different," Hyunwoo shot back, dragging himself to a nearby chair. "I have to live!"

Amid the chaos—shoes flying, Luka chasing Hyuna across the dance floor in six-inch heels without breaking a sweat, people shouting over music, and at least two kids crying about cake.

There were the groom and bride. Laughing.

Till's hand was wrapped tightly in Ivan's, fingers tangled and knuckles white like he didn't ever want to let go again. Ivan leaned down and pressed a kiss to Till's forehead—soft, sure, and lingering.

"Should we stop them?" Till asked quietly, glancing at Luka still stomping after Hyuna with such grace it was somehow more *threatening* than chaotic.

Ivan's eyes followed the scene for a moment. He looked amused. "Nahhh… let them."

He paused. Then grinned. "Let's sneak."

Before Till could protest, Ivan bent down and effortlessly scooped him up.

"What the hell—get me down!" Till hissed, his cheeks flushing bright red as he lightly smacked Ivan's shoulder. "People are looking!"

Ivan, of course, didn't listen.

"This is why no one believes I topped you," Till muttered under his breath, glaring up at him with a flushed, indignant face.

Ivan burst out laughing, nearly staggering with how hard he was holding it in.

From a distance, Sua stood with her arms crossed, a soft smile curling on her lips as she watched the two fools disappear into the hallway.

“Idiots,” she said fondly, shaking her head.

Chapter End Notes

Wahahaha, it was fun.

If you haven’t yet, please do check out the main story. Thank you always for reading.

Good byeeee(❁´∀`)(❁´∀`)

By the way, reader-nims! I am planning to make another sequel after Ivan's death. For more information, you may read chapter 28 of the main story. The decision is all yours.

Thank you always! Have a great day(∩´¨∩ `¨∩ ❀)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!